

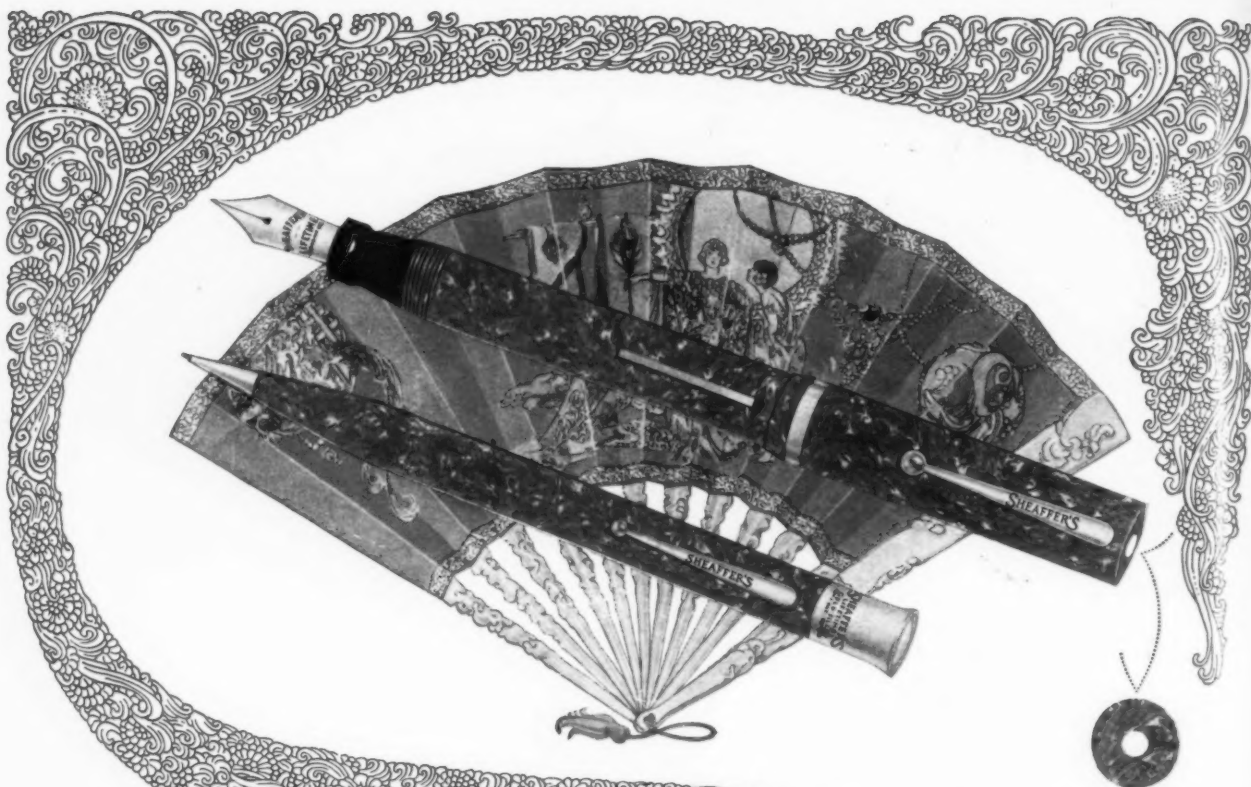
March 3 1927

Price 15 cents

Life



*The
Petting
Green*



Identify the Lifetime
pen by this
white dot

*Here's proof that "a thing
of beauty is a joy forever"*

This remarkable fountain pen has made unnumbered thousands of brand new fountain pen users. It was a pioneer in fountain pen beauty. It is a premier in fountain pen performance. Built to last a lifetime, it is guaranteed, not only against imperfections, but to give unqualified high service. And that means that it must withstand hard usage and always be in writing trim. The maker guarantees to keep it so—without any cost whatsoever to the owner—for a lifetime. Together with its excellent twin, the Titan pencil, it has swept America with unprecedented success.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, \$8.75, Ladies', \$7.50—pencil, \$4.25

At better stores everywhere



Blue Label
Leads
15 cents

SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY • FORT MADISON, IOWA
NEW YORK — 80 FIFTH AVENUE LONDON — 100 REGENT STREET
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND — 86 MANNERS STREET
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA — 160 GEORGE STREET, WEST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DONALD
DENTON



Beauty, Color Options, Luxury in fourteen enclosed and open bodies, \$1945 to \$5795 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax

The straight-eight is the ultimate motor principle. Hupmobile is its finest expression. The combination means that there literally is nothing more distinguished in motoring

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

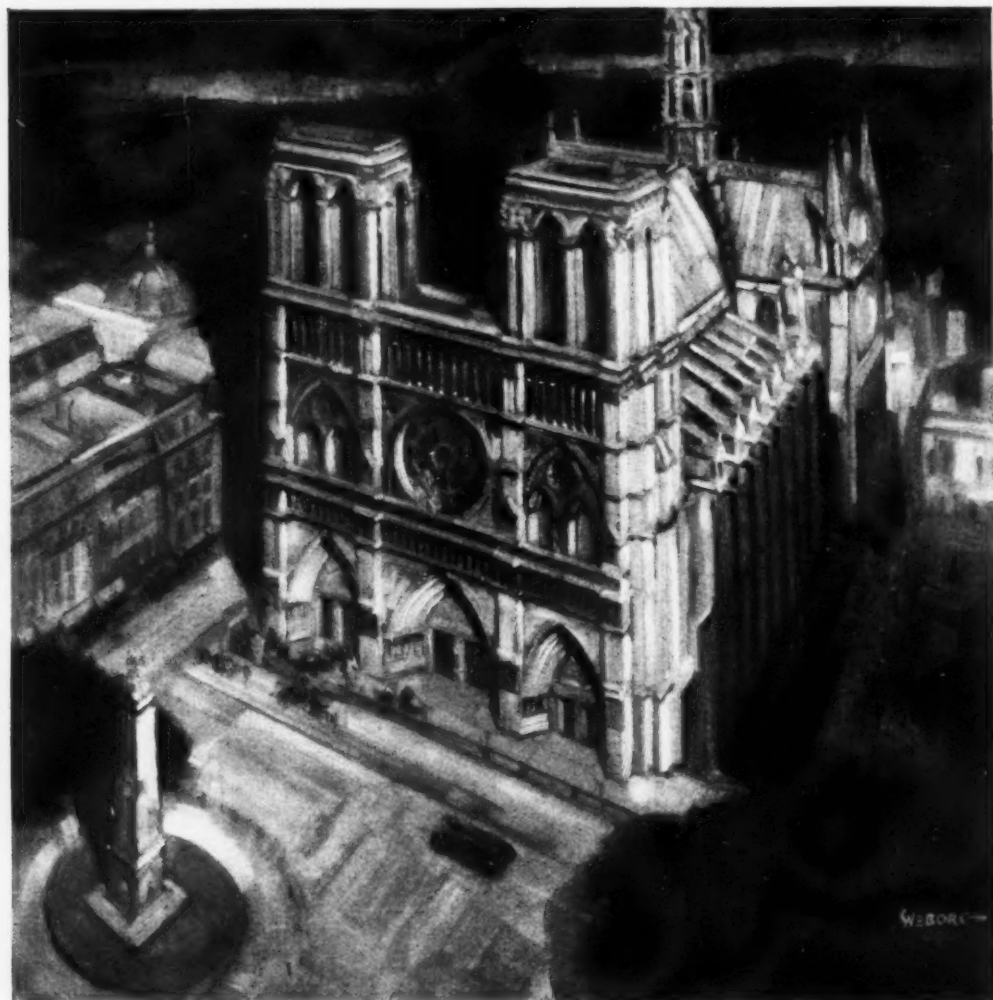
THE DISTINGUISHED HUPMOBILE EIGHT



General

Motors

FISHER BODIES



Probably no other symbol has ever come to mean so much to the American buying public as the emblem, "Body by Fisher." This small metal plate, which you will find forward on the lower right exterior of every Fisher body, signifies not only more lasting and more beautiful coachwork. It is also the unmistakable sign that the car which bears it is the leader of its price class in both sales and value



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Life



"SORRY, OL' BOY—'TAIN'T ME THAT'S KEEPING YOU THERE—IT'S THAT TRAFFIC COP."

Meeting Mrs. Frosbie

I DON'T see Frosbie any more. He avoids me; he is my enemy and I suppose he always will be, after what happened about a month ago, when he invited me to his home for dinner. He said he wanted me to meet his wife.

Well, he was at the door when I arrived that night, and after a warm handshake, I followed him down a short hall to a small tree. He hung my hat on one of the branches.

"Clever, don't you think?" he said. "It *does* look like a tree, but it's all wrought iron—even the leaves."

He led me into the parlor, and excused himself for a moment. I picked up a handsomely bound book that lay on the piano. It turned out to be a gin flask—quite empty.

When he returned, saying that his wife would be with us in a few minutes, I asked him if I might put a record on the victrola.

Frosbie laughed. "That's not a victrola over there, old boy. That's a cast-iron oil stove."

We walked into the solarium. I was not surprised when an automatic pistol lying on a dainty desk turned out to be an inkwell; nor when a Sixteenth Century blunderbuss turned out to be a smoking-stand; nor when— But let me tell you what happened when we walked back into the parlor.

I saw an almost life-like waxen

doll standing near a corner. I had not seen it earlier and I was curious.

"What's inside of *that*?" I asked.
Do I have to go on?

Tupper Greenwald.

WE suppose in Italy timetables read, "Stops only for Mussolini."

Uncensored Report of the Actions and Remarks of a Girl Receiving a Caller

SETTLES wrigglingly into large armchair.

Says, "I can't BEAR it, my dear!"

Requests a cigarette.

Pulls down skirt.

Squirms in chair, sitting on right leg.

Pulls down skirt.

Requests cigarette.

Says "How SIMply FAScinating, my dear!"

Squirms in chair, sits on left leg.

Pulls down skirt.

Yawns.

Says, "I'm **THRILLED** to **DEATH!**"

Pulls down skirt.

Requests cigarette.

Powders nose apologetically.

Squirms in chair, sits on right leg.

Pulls down skirt.

Says, "I can't BEAR it, my dear!"

Yawns.

Requests cigarette.

Lloyd Mayer.

The Limit!

WILLIS: What was the worst cursing you ever heard?

GILLIS: A taxi-driver playing golf.



Manager: WHERE'S THE OTHER MODEL? SHE'S NOT IN ANY OF THESE WRAPPERS.

Assistant: SHE'S IN A SEPARATE ENVELOPE.

Why We Gave Up Dining Out

HOSTESS: My dear, you should have been with us. Thursday night we went to Grace's—and my dear, she just bought the most—

Host: Oh, no, dear, not Thursday.

"But, dear, it was Thursday, because Wednesday I got a shampoo, and we had lamb, don't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember the lamb,

sweetheart, but it wasn't Thursday we went to Grace's. Thursday it rained and the postman sold me two seats for their annual ball."

"Why, darling, you must be mistaken. Thursday was the day because I remember Mamma calling up to ask me if I knew where Marg Calloway bought her hats."

"No, it was Saturday, because I bought some gin from the garbage man, and my shirts didn't come back from the laundry."

"That's all very true, Gerald, but we went to Grace's Thursday night."

"I say we didn't."

"Gerald!"

"Well, I guess I know when I'm right."

"Not this time, dear—it was Thursday." *Virginia Love.*

How It Really Happened

THE frantic Israelites were grouped on the western shore of the Red Sea, thrusting tentative toes into the chilly waters. "The Egyptians are upon us!" cried Moses. "What to do—what to do?" (Pardon us for not supplying the dialect, but we haven't been reading Milt Gross much lately.) "Ah, I have it. Twenty-five thousand shekels to the first man, woman or child who succeeds in swimming the Red Sea—the race to begin immediately!" And at that he plunged in, followed by every soul down to the last suckling babe. Needless to say, Moses won the grueling contest and saved his prize money, although it is a matter of record that every one of his people made the eastern shore.

And what happened to the Egyptians? Well—watch this space next week, if you think *that* will do you any good. *W. B.*

Poaching

TED: What's the trouble between those two gold-diggers?

NED: They've been jumping each other's claims.



"HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG WITH YOUR GIRL'S FOLKS?"
"GREAT! THEY'RE ALREADY BEGINNING TO TREAT ME LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY. LAST NIGHT I GOT BAWLED OUT FOR USING THE GUEST TOWEL."

Revelation

SHE: I'm simply dying to know what you think of me.

He: Why, you know I think you're terribly attractive!

SHE: No, but honestly—you know me as well as anybody does—what's your honest opinion?

He: Well, I honestly think there's a lot more to you than to most girls.

SHE: Do you really think so?

He: I honestly do... What do you honestly think of me?

SHE: Well, I really think you're awfully interesting—but I think you're sort of hard to understand.

He (fatuously): Just what do you mean?

SHE: Well, I honestly think you've got a lot more to you than most men.

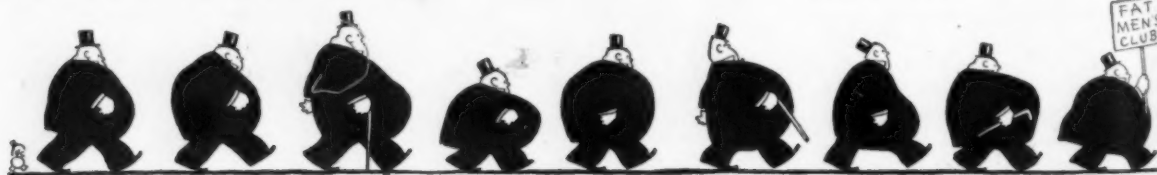
He: Do you really think so?

SHE: I do... I think it's awfully interesting to find out what a person really thinks of you, don't you?

He: Yes, it's so revealing, isn't it?

Lloyd Mayer.

THAT music increases efficiency while at work has long been successfully demonstrated by the mosquito.



THE BIG PARADE

The Baseball Guide

(For Players Who Desire to Rise in the World)

MAKE no positive assertion to any porter, waiter, bellboy, usher, chauffeur or other person with whom you may be talking privately. If you must say, "It's a



Elizabeth: A MAN TOLD ME LAST NIGHT THAT MY KISSES WERE ADORABLE.

Carolyn: WHO WAS HE?

Elizabeth: NEVER MIND, MY DEAR—HE WAS PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

fine day" or "Them's wonderful pancakes," call in the club secretary and have him take it down. There is no sense in running the risk of being misunderstood or misquoted.

Never contribute to any fund for sending out for hot dogs or barbecue. You can never be sure the messenger will not go and post the money on a World Series game in which you may work four or five years from now. Then in six or eight years, long after you have forgotten whether you ordered beef or pork, the sordid tale will come out. Do not



Convict: TO-MORROW'S MY ELECTROCUTION.
Visitor (trying to be consoling): WELL, MORE POWER TO YOU.

From a Club Chair

THE American people are divided into two great classes: those who think they are as good as anybody, and those who think they are better.

* * *

Now that even the tabloid papers are giving lessons in etiquette, it becomes more important than ever for a gentleman to have bad manners.

J. K. M.

Absolutely True Story

ONCE there was a Prohibition enforcement officer who refused a bribe. It wasn't big enough.

bet on a horse-race, order a dish with a French name, get married or gamble in any manner. Playing chewing-gum machines to see whether anything will fall out or not is a little thing but it may plant and cultivate the deadly virus.

Be sure to make four or five hits and score three or four runs in every game. This is important. If you go along with one or two hits and one or two runs a game and people begin to suspect you, just remember nobody but yourself is to blame.

McC. H.

Nothing to It

"LET'S play whackers."

"How do you play?"

"You count up to ten and the fellow who counts the even numbers whacks the other. Now you start."

"All right. Zero."

FORECAST—In not a few current water-power projects, the water will go to the stockholders and the power to somebody else.



He: DO YOU THINK I'M FOOLISH FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU AT FIRST SIGHT?

She: OH...BUT YOU'VE HAD A SECOND LOOK SINCE!

He: WELL, HARDLY. YOU FORGET THAT WE MET ON THE BEACH.



"IS MY DAUGHTER IN THERE?"
*Falsetto Voice from Inside: GET AWAY FROM THEM
 SWINGING DOORS...*

The Call of the City

YOUNG HIRAM lay awake all night trying to decide whether he should stay or run away. Just before sunrise he made up his mind. Hastily packing half a dozen expensive traveling bags, he crept from the house, pausing only long enough to scribble a note and leave it on the electric stove where his mother would be sure to find it when she started to prepare breakfast.

The hum of the sedan motor as he drove away awakened Pa and Ma Silo, but they thought he was just coming home and went back to sleep.



A few hours later they found the note:
 "DEAR FOLKS: I am leaving the old farm and going into the city for a while. I know it's a dirty trick to pull out just when the harvest is to start. But there's a circus in the city and it seems to me that I've got to take it in. All my life I've wanted to see a horse.

"Your loving son, HIRAM."
Chet Johnson.

Do the Thing Right

(Since the Coolidges are Vacating the White House for Repairs)

TAKE rattle out of executive bed-chamber window.
 Fix roller on shade that always shoots to top of window when chief executive starts to undress.
 Plane off closet doors so they won't stick.
 Take squeak out of back stairs.
 Elevate warm-air pipes of furnace so chief executive will not scalp self after banking fire for night.
 Install enough electric base plugs to suit chief executive's wife, or as many as Congress will allow.
 Anchor dining-room buzzer under rug so chief executive's wife can find it with her foot while talking to distinguished diplomat.

And—
 Wash, paint and place the fly screens.

McC. H.

So You're the One!

I'M exceptionally interested in people. I'm interested in *all* people and in everything that interests them, no matter how trivial. I'm so interested that, with me, a dull conversation is impossible. I like to talk about anything that has to do with any one else. It might be your clothes, your appetite, your home and its furnishings, your complexion or your health. As long as it's *yours*, I'll talk about it. If I don't know much about what's on your mind, I'll ask about it. And I'll do it with genuine interest; I'm sincere. I smile all the time we're talking. Perhaps it's a tie you're wearing. If you ask me how I like it, and I think you like it, I'll say, "It looks great. How much did you pay for it? My, isn't that reasonable? I've wanted one just like that for months. I think that sort of tie becomes one so. It does make a difference in one's appearance, doesn't it? It gives one so much prestige. It has a..."

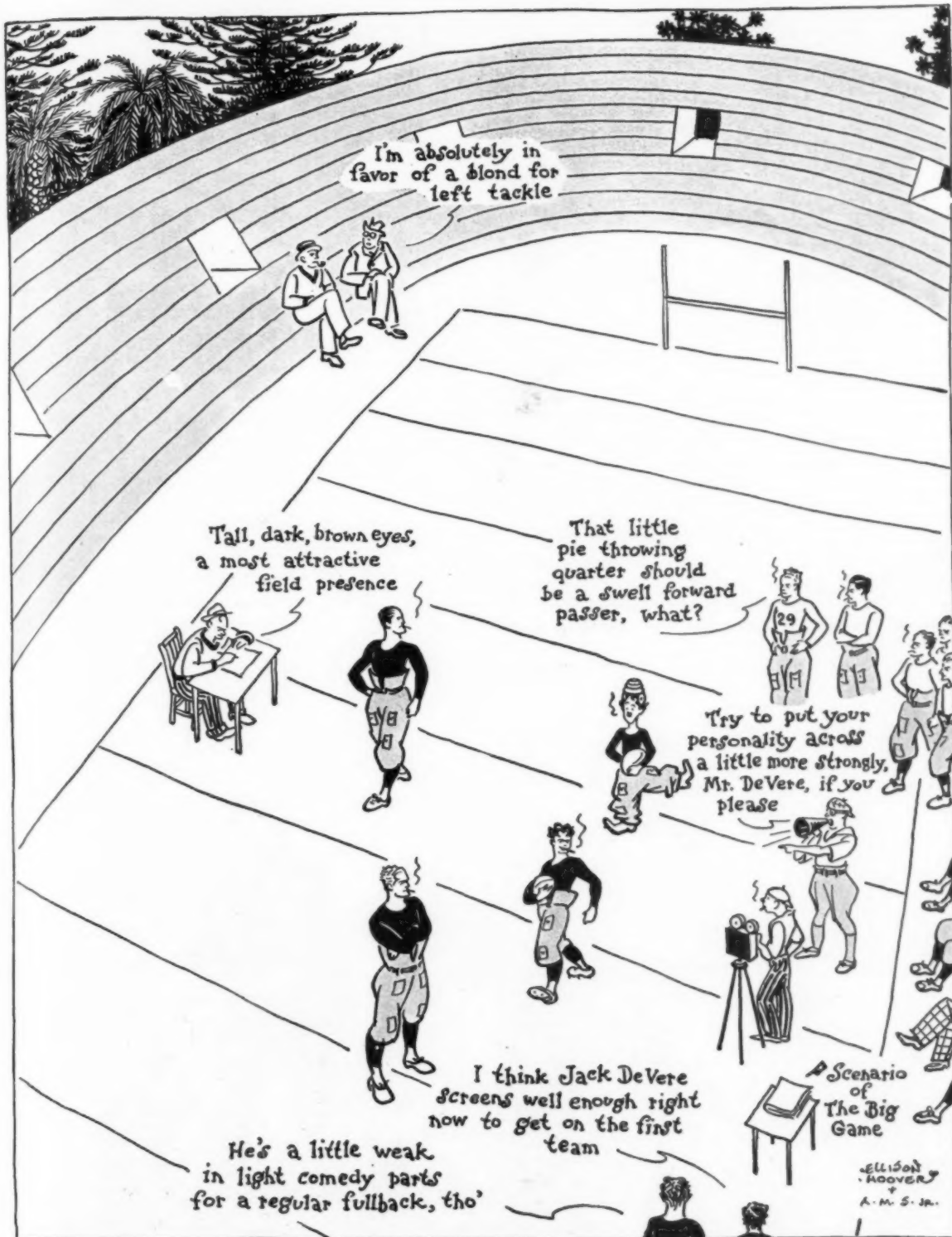
What's that?
 You've never met any one like me? Oh, yes, you have. I'm the Other Person in those new dialogue advertisements. *J. A. P.*

Easy!

PAUL: If I knew you better I'd kiss you.
BETTY: If you'd kiss me you'd know me better!



"HAVE YOU ANY AMBITION BESIDES WANTING TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL?"
 "OH, YES—I WANT TO BE TOLD I DO."



Collegiate Impressions—No. 4

SCREEN TESTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



What's the Use?

First Stenographer: I'M TIRED OF WORKING.

Second Ditto: WHY DON'T YOU GET MARRIED?

First Stenographer: I AM.

Justice in Gehenna

SATAN: Welcome! I have always looked forward to a meeting with you, Mr. Executive Secretary of the Greater Phillipsburg Association. I am pleased to have the opportunity to call your attention to a booklet which I have forwarded under separate cover and which will acquaint you with the climate admirably suited to the propagation of tack factories and adapted to the needs of the skilled workman occupying a strategic position on four railroads with two hundred and sixty-five miles of paved streets becking to the low wage scale which the vacationer finds in the industrial sites unless the lowest death rate in 1892 can, by friendly co-operation, carry 106,208 passengers on its cars to furnish pure water to four out of five who own automobiles thus offsetting the lack of labor trouble in tree-lined streets because a steady increase in population coupled with healthy bank clearings proves the efficiency of the mean rainfall in the municipal development field with electricity on all four corners of our model school system under the present

activity in reality... You're pressed for time? Oh, what's a few hundred years down here? Well, to make a long story short, turning to page 83 you will find...

And so on throughout eternity.
Gerald Cosgrove.



"ONE TON OF COAL, YES. NOW DO YOU WANT IT EGG COAL OR NUT COAL?"
"I FORGET. BUT FATHER'S A VEGETARIAN AN' I GUESS MEBBE YOU BETTER MAKE IT NUT."

Lies

THE hills endure, and so does brass;

The Phoenix never really dies;
Consider, gentle Freshman Class,
The immortality of Lies.

A Truth is meek and mild of mien;
In doubt and dread it crawls and clings.

A Lie of purest ray serene
Soars round the world on dauntless wings.

A Truth you're bound to justify
With fact and argument as well;
But no one needs to prove a Lie—
A Lie you merely have to tell.

How many a brazen Lie I've met
And nailed it down or corked it up!

How soon the joyous little pet
Was frisking round me like a pup!

Truth crushed to earth stays down
and quits;

Inert, she takes the count of ten;
But Error simply knocked to bits
Is up and on his toes again.

Arthur Guiterman.

TO err is human; to admit it is foolish.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

February 7th Reading this morning in the *Herald Tribune* that twenty years ago this day *crêpe de Chine* was advertised at twenty-nine cents a yard, I was at some pains not to burst into tears, for Lord! every now and then an item on some draper's invoice reads like an installment on international reparations, but when I examine it more closely, turns out to be the material required to make me an under-slip. Looking at the news from Palm Beach, I did marvel that so many of the persons featured in the annual dispatches therefrom are never heard of anywhere else. I did mark in the publishers' announcements that a book on contract bridge has been wrote by Florence Irwin, whose argument against doubling a no-trump bid I do hold to be as staunch and significant an outline of policy as was Burke's speech on conciliation with the colonies. But I doubt if I shall go in seriously for the latest variant of the game, the scale of loss being so much greater that Sam's sanguine view of the possibilities of thirteen indifferent cards would eventually reduce us to objects of charity. To luncheon at Arthur Inman's, and he did tell how poor Jim Mitchell had fallen down and knocked out a tooth whilst being dragged home between two country places last week-end, and had insisted upon stopping and searching straightway for the missing molar, nor could he be persuaded to stagger onward until his conductor had convinced him that it would be better to come back and look for it in the Spring. Another man told how a friend of his coming down from Canada with a bottle of fine whiskey had been enjoined by the porter to leave a kind note containing a five-dollar bill hard by the bottle, which he did, enjoining the inspector to have a heart. In the morning he found two bottles of whiskey (Cont. on page 28)



The Life of the Party

She: EGBERT! I WAS NEVER SO MORTIFIED IN MY LIFE! YOU TALKED incessantly ALL EVENING. THEY MUST HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D BOUGHT ONE OF THOSE books!

Explanation

JONES has odd ideas about bosses. He thinks they have reached executive positions through sheer ability.

He believes them incapable of meanness, pettiness, or injustice.

He knows it is quite all right for

his superior to reach the office at eleven, while he is required to report for duty at nine each morning.

He thinks his chief should take at least two afternoons off each week to play golf.

He is convinced that the opinion of the boss on business, architecture, the theatre, finance, politics, literature, old prints, Scotch, chess moves, and any other odds and ends is worth its weight in gold.

Sounds poisonous, doesn't he? Spineless and uninteresting. But—I think he is great.

I am his boss. S. P.

A Real "Cunjer"

"DO you believe a rabbit's foot ever brought good luck?"

"You bet! My wife felt one in my pocket once and thought it was a mouse."

STRANGE that the rising generation is never up till noon.



SCOTCH CHILDREN LEARNING TO ROLL THEIR "R's."



Studding Hams with Cloves in a Chicago Packing Plant

PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER SEVEN

Indignant Shopper: YOU DESCRIBED THAT BIRD AS A SUITABLE PET FOR A YOUNG GIRL—AND JUST LISTEN TO HIM!

Salesman: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... We believe this bird has something in common with a young girl. Both are shocking but easy to pet.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

FLORENCE THIAS,
4842 Kossuth Avenue,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Five second prizes have been awarded to the following:

VICTOR ANDERSON, Brooklyn, New York, for the Alibi: "He's indignant because you paid only \$10 for him while you spent \$50 on a lark."

MAURINE BAKER BARCAL, Los Angeles, California, for the Alibi: "It's the perfect substitute for a man around the house and he's less expensive than a son-in-law."

VEDA HUDDLESTON, Vernon, Texas, for the Alibi: "The last owner left the bird with her grandmother for a week-end and the old lady gave out of cigarettes."

LAWRENCE McCracken, Cleveland, Ohio, for the Alibi: "The young girl who owned it before recommended it highly just because of the gentleness of its language. She was a telephone operator."

H. L. TODD, Hendersonville, North Carolina, for the Alibi: "We compared this bird with some of the birds girls pet. Therefore we know that it will be a suitable pet for girls."

(Please turn to page 29)

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 29

\$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

LIFE'S Great Alibi Contest is now in its twelfth week. It has proved vastly popular—so popular, in fact, that we feel it our duty to urge those of LIFE's readers who have not participated to do so without further delay.

Study the situation depicted below; place yourself in the radio dealer's position for the moment—and then decide what you would say to the impatient customer who took you at your word.

Remember—the twenty-five-word limit applies only to your Alibi and does not include the printed caption beneath the picture. Even though you may have missed the previous pictures you can enter the Contest now and be eligible for this week's

prizes. Each contestant may send as many answers to this Contest as he or she desires, but all answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWELVE must reach LIFE's office not later than twelve noon on March 17, 1927.

Prizes are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of
\$10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTEEN will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—
and go to it.

ALIBI NUMBER TWELVE



Customer: YOU TOLD ME THAT SET I BOUGHT WOULD BRING IN THE COAST.
I CAN'T EVEN GET LOCAL STUFF.
Radio Man: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...



"AFTER WE'RE MARRIED, DEAR, I CAN'T LET YOU GO IN AND CHARGE A THREE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR COAT."

"OH, DARLING, WOULD YOU TRUST ME WITH SO MUCH CASH?"

The Movie-Story Conference

"WHAT we got to have in this spot is something big—something real big—a big physical wow.... I remember one Griffith used when I was with him in 1908. ...Then we cut to the Marines coming, coming, coming. ...We got a lotta stock stuff of a shipwreck. We ought to use that somewhere.... I remember a peach of a gag that Chaplin used about twenty years ago.... It ain't big enough. Can't we get something big like a flood or an earthquake?... What we need is more menace. The heavy's too clean.... She says a title to him: 'Horace, has your love grown cold?' and he says a title back: 'And how!' ...Now a two-shot of the girl and the steam-shovel where we get over our message.... Back to the Marines coming, coming, coming.... I'd like to cheat in the mother angle but we're overfootage now.... It ain't big enough. We got to have something real big—a big physical wow like a volcano or a shipwreck."

R. L.



PUPILS IN CHICAGO SCHOOLS RAISE BOTH HANDS WHEN THE TEACHER SUD- DENLY ASKS A QUESTION.

Life Lines

THE grand riot between Harvard undergraduates and Cambridge cops will probably become an annual affair, replacing the Princeton game on the Harvard schedule.

IL

From the Harvard point of view, there is something to be said for members of the Cambridge police force: few of them wear signet rings.

IL

The Albuquerque Advertising Club is advocating changing the name of New Mexico to Coolidge. Such a change, however, is not expected to lower the State's temperature.

IL

"TUESDAY NIGHT

"7:45 o'clock

"HEAR HAMILTON'S ADDRESS

"IS THERE A HELL?"

"BEN Crow sings, 'I Want to Go There, Don't You?'"
—Kansas City Church Advertisement.

We're sure that BEN's intentions are perfectly good.

IL

The American Legion convention, it is announced, will be held in Paris (France) this year. Many who attend will do so out of sheer curiosity to see if it has stopped raining.

IL

Blue canaries have appeared in London—thereby demonstrating the enormous influence, even on the animal kingdom, of GEORGE GERSHWIN.

IL

There is probably no political significance in the news that two fist-fights were staged in Congress on the day following President COOLIDGE's plea for world peace.

IL

We now learn that an electrical stethoscope and radio loud-speaker are amplifying human heart-beats 10,000-

000 times. But isn't this rather cutting in on the tabloid newspapers' field?

NOW THEN, WHO CAN GIVE ME THE ANSWER PROMPTLY?



They Had Them Guessing

PERCY: At times I can scarcely tell the Bixby twins apart.

ARCHIE: Same here. The two girls look so much alike that I am always getting their legs mixed.

Those Radio Bridge Lessons

WE had a particularly fine bridge lesson over the radio the other night. Mr. Wonck represented the North, Mr. Lightfoot the South, Mr. Eisendrock the East and Mr. Fanning the West. The cards were dealt, bidding was brisk, and before you could say "Station WWWW," Mr. Wonck and Mr. Lightfoot were tied up in a tight little three no-trumper, doubled.



The Dentist: TERRIBLE ABOUT THIS BASEBALL SCANDAL, ISN'T IT?

Mr. Fanning started the play by leading the ten of hearts, whereupon Mr. Lightfoot and Mr. Wonck broke into "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," and I don't know when I've ever heard it sung with so much feeling. Unfortunately, the interlude was used by the Eisendrock-Fanning combination to snap up four quick tricks. Then Mr. Fanning and Mr. Eisendrock went into a xylophone duet and when the last cloying note had died away, Mr. Lightfoot and Mr. Wonck had tied the score.

Mr. Eisendrock led the ace of spades, and Mr. Wonck came right back with "She Knows Her Onions." Mr. Eisendrock began speaking about the Danube country and that reminded Mr. Fanning of a story about two Irishmen, named the King and Queen of Diamonds.

This didn't seem to be getting anywhere, but that's how it went. Mr. Wonck and Mr. Lightfoot obliged with "All Alone Monday," a number requested by Mrs. Minnie Glutz of 119 Vermilyea Avenue. Mr. Eisendrock and Mr. Fanning did some snappy work on musical glasses and more credit to them. And once I think I heard Mrs. Fanning's voice doing a bit from "Peg o' My Heart." Or maybe it was Sophie Tucker. I forget who won the hand.

The analysis was equally interesting. It seems that the reason Mr. Fanning had led the ten of hearts in the first place was that Congress had repeatedly done nothing to relieve the farm situation which gave the little out-of-the-way principality of Moozges unusual natural resources in oil, copper, milk and the whites of two eggs, thoroughly beaten. Mr. Lightfoot had a major tenace and a gal in Minnesota who is

(Continued on page 29)



"I WONDER HOW SHE LIKES BEING A MERMAID."
"WELL, SHE CAN'T KICK."

Mutual Shock

BOSS: Are you the vigorous and dynamic accountant-executive with power, punch and personality who advertised for a job?

APPLICANT: Yes; are you the far-sighted president of the huge and growing concern who advertised a vacancy?

Charles, I think your hand is about five minutes slow. You had better see the doctor today



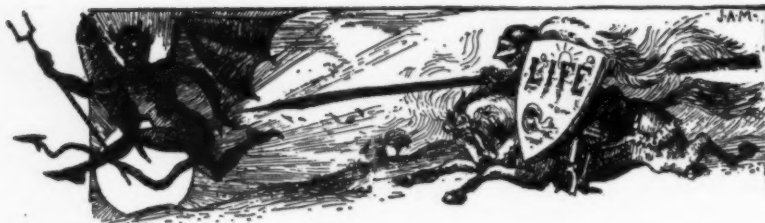
IN A FEW HUNDRED YEARS, WILL THE LEFT HAND OF THE COMMUTER EVOLUTE INTO A WATCH?

Incarnate

APOLLO, we read in the encyclopedia, was worshiped by the Romans as the god of the sun, medicine, divination, archery, poetry, beauty, pastures, music, youth, fruits and prophecy. His name has recently been changed to Benito Mussolini.

RUB: I have a new attachment for my car.

DUB: What is it?
"Sheriff's!"



MARCH 3, 1927

VOL. 89. 2313

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*

BECAUSE
Dr. Mur-
ray Butler
has said that
of course
Mr. Coolidge
won't run for

another term, people say in the newspapers that Dr. Butler is himself a candidate for President. But he says No; that he does not aspire to the White House now and does not expect to; that he simply talks politics for the sake of talking politics and as a matter of public duty, as Phillips, Beecher, Eliot and others did before him, and as Hamilton, Jay, Livingston, Morris and Clinton did before them, thereby establishing an honorable tradition for Columbia College.

Nobody talks politics more readably than Dr. Butler. Whether he can guess right or not, it is a pleasure to read what he says and he does promote discussion when he talks. He says that Mr. Coolidge, if he runs again, will come under the ban of the no-third-term tradition. Somebody wrote in the paper the other day that that tradition in so far as it applied to Vice-Presidents was all wrong, because under the Constitution no Vice-President became President, but simply, when a President died, succeeded to his duties and discharged them as Vice-President. There has been no need, says this disputant, for a Vice-President to take the oath as President, for by rights he continues to be Vice-President to the end of his term.

That may be arguable, but practically it does not wash, and there is no prospect of our getting back anything on the presidential salaries paid in the past to Vice-Presidents who moved into the White House.

It is possible, however, that Mr. Coolidge may run again in spite of Dr. Butler's opinion. Col. George Harvey will know; but he is now absent in Europe. Meanwhile it seems to be true, as Dr. Butler says, that the great issue is going to be Prohibition and that that will determine who will be elected next year.

If Mr. Coolidge vetoes the farm bill it ought to strengthen him. True enough the farmers need help, but however much we may want them to get it, the McNary-Haugen bill seems not to be sound constitutionally or economically. It is essentially a bill to make the Government fix the price of farm products, and that is plain economic heresy. Mr. Coolidge's veto of the bill therefore might seem to help the prospects of Governor Lowden for the nomination. If so, he would be helping a pretty good man, but a year too soon to do him any good.

The election is not going to turn on subsidies for the farmers; they will be helped some other way. It is going to turn, as Dr. Butler says, on Prohibition.

**SUICIDES** abound uncommonly.

All kinds of people take their own lives—bank presidents, clubmen, discouraged lovers, college students, disillusioned play girls, even children sometimes. According to the best information suicide is unprofitable. Perhaps if it was better understood there might be less of it. A college boy took his own life the other day because he and some of his

companions had been investigating the life to come, and he got in a hurry to know what it would be like. He said he would talk back to one of the other boys. He has not done it. He could not do it without a medium, and if he had known his subject better he would have known that.

We are deposited in this world to live and learn and develop. All the testimony that is worth anything is to effect that we do better to stay in our school until we graduate in a normal manner. We don't gain time by suicide; we lose it. It puts us back. A bank president killed himself the other day, nobody knows why. A clubman in his club still more recently. Ill health had to do, no doubt, with both cases but also they were doubtless due to lack of knowledge of what life is and what it is about. Old people in particular will do well to give some consideration to the question, where do we go from here? It is worth their attention and they can increase their knowledge about it if they will take the trouble.



BISHOP MANNING, in declining to debate the marriage code with Judge Ben Lindsey, said in a telegram: "For Christians the moral standards given to the world by Christ are not open to debate."

Agreed. But might there not be discussion of what couples are joined by God as the Scripture reads, and what are not? The Church service seems to be read over a good many pairs whose union seems to lack the stamp of authentic divinity.

Divorces increase steadily. The *Ladies' Home Journal* says that at the present ratio of increase 1938 will see a divorce for every marriage. That means that for every marriage that holds, there will be one that breaks. Discussion might not be harmful to such a condition as that.

Now that Dr. Percy Grant is dead, inevitably people will discuss whether he could have been so handled as to save him and what was good in the work that he was doing. As it is, he may seem to a good many observers to have been destroyed without due compensating advantages to righteousness and truth.

E. S. Martin.



Cause and Effect



Some One Leaves a Pink Tabloid in the Fast



d in the Fashionable Doctor's Waiting Room

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

An American Tragedy. *Longacre*—Something in words of one syllable for beginners in the course on Facts of Life.

The Barker. *Biltmore*—The worries of circus folk made into an interesting play, well done by a cast headed by Walter Huston.

The Brothers Karamazov. *Guild*—An excellent presentation of the personal troubles of several Russians. Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Clare Eames.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in authentic costumes.

Civic Repertory Theatre. (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne and company making a brave attempt to do the right thing in the right way.

The Constant Nymph. *Cort*—The novel dealt with in a sensitive and highly satisfactory manner, probably owing to the author's having done it herself.

Fog. *National*—A melodrama with more scenic arrangements than suspense.

Honor Be Damned! *Morosco*—Reviewed in this issue.

In Abraham's Bosom. *Garrick*—This story of a Negro's hard luck is being seriously considered for the Pulitzer Prize, whatever that means.

Laboratory Theatre. (East 58th St.)—Reviewed in this issue.

The Ladder. *Waldorf*—A singularly unconvincing presentation of the theory of reincarnation, done in an elaborate manner.

Lady Alone. *Forrest*—Alice Brady excellent in a sad little play about a sad little lady.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—The apparently endless primrose path of a colored *fille de joie*. Lenore Ulric pursued by Henry Hull.

The Noose. *Hudson*—Regulation melodrama, giving Rex Cherryman a chance to distinguish himself.

Pinwheel. *Neighborhood*—Perhaps they're playing "The Dybbuk" this week. We don't know.

Puppets of Passion. *Masque*—To be reviewed later.

The Scarlet Lily. *Comedy*—A fairly thin mixture, dealing with post-war matrimony.

Sex. *Daly's*—This should be closed on the ground of dullness.

The Silver Cord. *John Golden*—A highly interesting problem, involving Mother Love in its most predatory form. Laura Hope Crews, Margalo Gillmore and Elizabeth Risdon.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Sex rearing its ubiquitous head in a Spanish family.

Window Panes. *Mansfield*—To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Take care of that cough!

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—A play about backstage night life that ought to please everybody—and, in fact, does.

Chicago. *Music Box*—A delightfully bitter crack at several of our national traits, done with the broad side of a stick. Francine Larrimore heads the cast.

The Constant Wife. *Maxine Elliott's*—Excellent material for Ethel Barrymore's deft comedy sense.

The Devil in the Cheese. *Charles Hopkins*—Fantasy which gets across oftener than not.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. *Times Square*—June Walker as the renowned Blonde, with Edna Hibbard making the renowned wise-cracks.

A Lady in Love. *Lyceum*—With Peggy Wood. To be reviewed later.

Lally. *Greenwich Village*—A tangent from "The Constant Nymph," dealing with another Sanger.

New York Exchange. *Forty-Ninth St.*—What a young man should do when a matron offers to pay for his singing lessons. Not very important.

The Night Hawk. *Frolic*—Carroll McComas as the lady who had her youth put back where it belonged. An interesting idea.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—Some very funny scenes in an otherwise thin Molnar opus, with Holbrook Blinn heading an excellent cast.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Jane Cowl doing splendidly in an argument with *Hannibal* (Philip Merivale) over the comparative merits of the sack of Rome and his peace of mind (among other things).

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—A very nice play about young married folk which fools you by being more than that. Ruth Gordon as the bride.

Sinner. *Klaw*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Strawberry Blonde. *Bijou*—Elementary farce dealing with peripatetic parenthood.

Tommy. *Gaiety*—Pleasantly clean.

Trelawny of the "Wells." *New Amsterdam*—An all-star (really) production of the old favorite, and very nice, too. John Drew heads the solid gold cast.

Two Girls Wanted. *Little*—Fair enough.

What Anne Brought Home. *Wallack's*—To be reviewed later.

The Wooden Kimono. *Martin Beck*—Rough-house melodrama.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Bye, Bye, Bonnie. *Ritz*—Fast-moving and funny enough if you laugh easily.

Countess Maritza. *Forty-Fourth St.*—An elaborate production for a high-grade Viennese score.

Criss-Cross. *Globe*—Fred Stone, with family, in a typical Fred Stone-with-family show.

The Desert Song. *Casino*—Good all-around musical comedy, with Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

Gay Paree. *Winter Garden*—You can smoke here, too, besides seeing Chic Sale.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Eddie Dowling pleasing a great many people for a great many weeks.

I Told You So. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Sam Bernard is Sam Bernard, anyway.

Judy. *Royale*—Queenie Smith carrying a show.

The Nightingale. *Jolson*—Fairly tepid story with Eleanor Painter singing pleasantly.

Oh, Kay! *Imperial*—Gertrude Lawrence doing very nicely, thank you.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—Helen Ford and others singing some of the prettiest music in town.

The Pirates of Penzance. *Plymouth*—Gilbert and Sullivan, kindness of Winthrop Ames. On Thursday nights "Iolanthe."

Queen High. *Ambassador*—Among the best, with Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

The Ramblers. *Lyric*—Considerable laughter as the result of Clark and McCullough.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—An auspicious opener for a new theatre. Comedy from Ada May, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

Rose-Marie. *Century*—You tell us what it is like.

Scandals. *Apollo*—George White's big entertainment for your money.

Twinkle, Twinkle. *Liberty*—Joe Brown furnishing some laughs.

Vanities. *Earl Carroll*—A new edition; to be reviewed later.

Yours Truly. *Shubert*—Leon Errol in a beautiful show to look at and not so bad to hear.

Modern Music

AUNT DINAH'S Necking Party.
The Old Folks at the Night Club.

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Cellar.

The Last Drink of Summer.

The End of a Perfect Jag.

Sweet and Low Cut.

My Old Kentucky Speakeasy.

After the Highball.

Bring Back My Hubby to Me.

Old Blackjack.

Naughty Adeline.

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes,
Champagne, Gin, Rye, etc.

Lawson Paynter.



THE SCOTCH UNDERTAKER BURIES A MAN WITH ONE LEG.



Surprises

ON one of those rare evenings when the producers were caught without any new shows to produce, this department thought it would be lots of fun to look in on some of the plays that it had missed in the rush of openings of the previous week. We figured on "catching" (vaudeville term in use by laymen) perhaps four shows in one evening, just to see what they were like. (Incidentally, when we see only a part of a play, we indicate the fact in our notice. We wouldn't fool you. We couldn't.)

We picked Willard Mack's "Honor Be Damned!" to begin the evening with, because we thought that we should mind less leaving it at the end of the first act. So we stood up back with our overcoat on. Standing up back and holding a winter overcoat is no fun for anybody, including the overcoat.



NOW, there is something odd about a Willard Mack show, just as there is something odd about Willard Mack as an actor. Both Mr. Mack and his shows are likely to be pretty theatrical, with a streak of ham now and then, and a great deal that no serious student of the drama can contemplate without smiling nastily. And yet there is a disturbing sense of satisfaction there. You are entertained in spite of yourself. And what is more, you are quite likely to be interested.

At the end of the first act of "Honor Be Damned!" we went out into the lobby, dragging our overcoat behind us. We had planned to take in "The Strawberry Blonde" next door. And yet (don't let this get around among our colleagues) we wondered what happened in the second act of Mr. Mack's show. So we went back and sat down, holding our coat in our lap ready for instant flight in case the thing got unbearable.

At the end of the second act we checked the coat and settled down to an evening of "Honor Be Damned!" A man has to humor himself once in a while, even to the extent of sitting through an unimportant but interesting show.



AND speaking of Willard Mack reminds us again of that other distinguished representative of the Mack clan, Mr. Charles Mack, the weary member of the team of Moran and Mack, now in Mr. Carroll's "Vanities." On our seventeenth visit to "catch" his act, we heard him deliver a retort which we herewith turn over as a bit of rebuttal to irate playwrights who have been told by the critics that in real life people don't act the way they have made their characters act.

Mr. Mack has been giving reluctant testimony as to the nature of a vague dog he owns. He has volunteered the information that the dog does not eat meat. Whereupon Mr. Moran, in the rôle of critic, says: "Why, that's impossible! I never heard of a dog that wouldn't eat meat." To which Mr. Mack replies simply: "Well, you heard of *this one*!"



ANOTHER full evening that we hadn't expected was put in at the American Laboratory Theatre. In spite of the fact that this seems to be the seat of the White Hope among little experimental theatres, it is, after all, a little experimental theatre, and one doesn't usually expect to be held, even as in a very small vise, at one of them. So we dropped in to see an act of Clemence Dane's "Granite"—and stayed the whole show out.

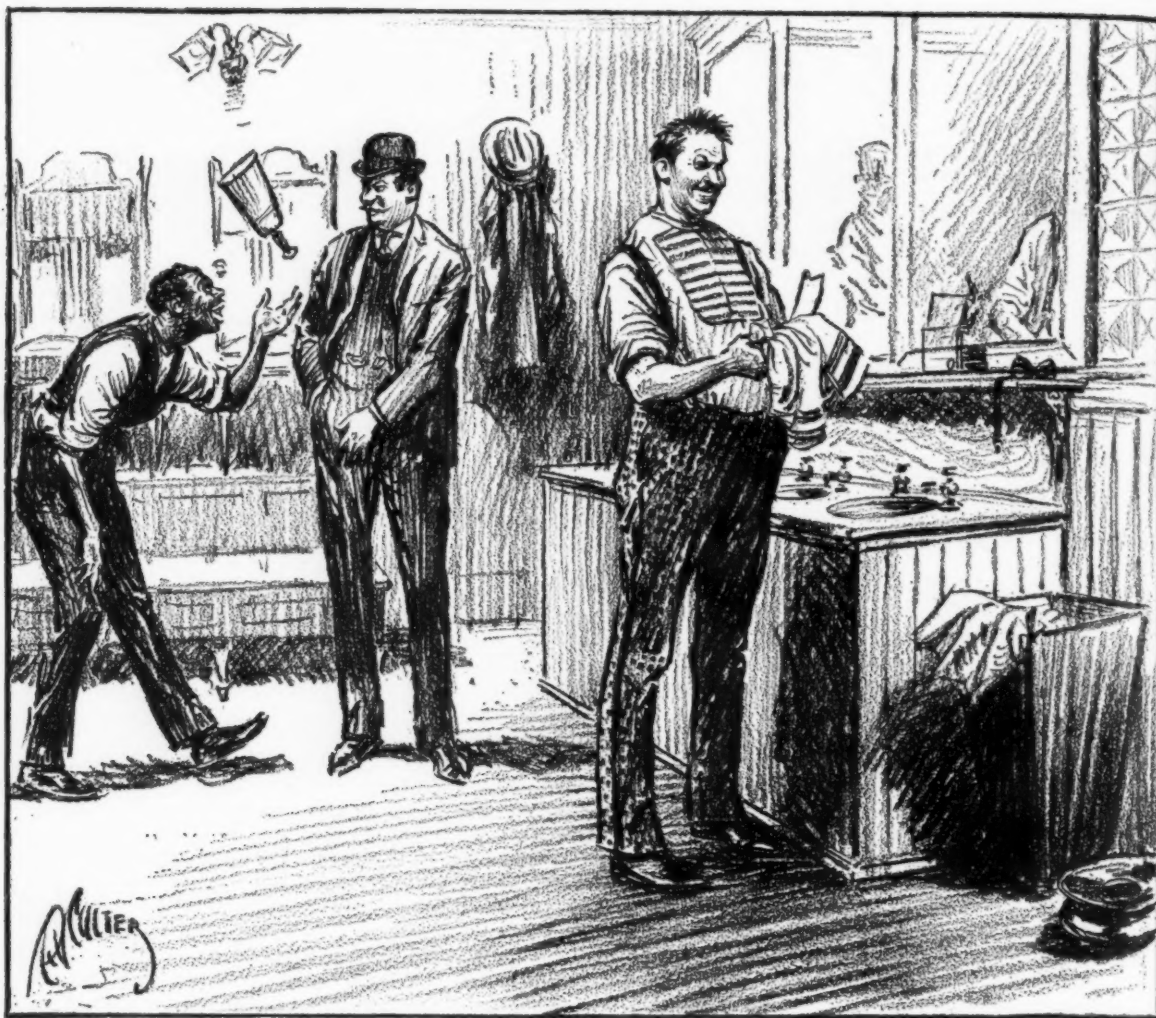
As we have mentioned before, the young folk at the American Laboratory Theatre give every evidence of being good actors in the making. Some of them are almost made. Much of the finish in their productions is probably due to Mr. Boleslavsky's direction, but there must be more there to work with than most of the baby theatres can boast.



AT the other end of town and the other pole of the Little Theatre Movement is "Stigma," the latest offering at the Cherry Lane Playhouse. In spite of the fact that Miss Joanna Roos is in the cast, we have here the experimental theatre in its least impressive manifestation. It presents the customary sociological problem with the customary gaucherie. These little theatres should either tackle less ambitious problems or else learn to act and write a little better. Miscegenation, handled in terms of "Box and Cox," is not a powerful theme. If Miss Roos could be transplanted to the American Laboratory Theatre, "Stigma" could be closed. It probably has been, anyway.



IN "Sinner" we have the problem of infidelity treated with high good humor, and while it makes a fairly entertaining play, we submit that it is more harmful to the impressionable mind than serious plays like "The Captive," especially as acted by such obviously nice people as Claiborne Foster and Allan Dinehart. Of course, there is always the question, what do you mean by "harmful"?
Robert Benchley.



The Gay Nineties

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE DRESSY CHAP WHO USED TO FRESHEN UP HIS CELLULOID COLLAR IN THE HOTEL WASH-ROOM?

Willie's Face

CAST OF CHARACTERS: *Willie, aged seven. Willie's father. Willie's mother. Several middle-aged relations. TIME: A rainy Sunday afternoon. Willie, unsuspecting, has just come home from Sunday School.*

"THAT child looks more like his Uncle Bob every day. Just glance at his nose—if that isn't the Throckmorton nose I'll lose my guess."

"Yes? Why, we think he has Ed's nose. Lots of people have said so."

"Why, you're both wrong. The child's nose is his Grandfather's. He has the Pennypacker eyes, too."

"You really think so? We say he

has my eyes. What do you think, Aunt Caroline?"

"Well, I'm not sure about his eyes and nose, but his mouth and ears are both Pennypacker. And he has the high Pennypacker forehead."

"Turn around, Willie, so the company can see you. Now, how can you say his mouth is Pennypacker!"

"Well, his chin is, anyway; but his cheek-bones are yours, Bessie."

"There's a trace of Throckmorton in the droop of his right eyelid, I should say."

"Perhaps, but you'll never convince me that his eyes are not Pennypacker through and through.

Turn around again, Willie. There. Where the light strikes you."

(*The solemn circle contracts its circumference; Willie looks around dismayed; there is no escape.*)

* * *

WILLIE (at bedtime): Mama!

HIS MOTHER: What is it, dear?

WILLIE (getting it off his chest at last): Mama, tell me. Isn't any part of my face my own? A. H. F.

THE States will spend four hundred million on highway improvement this year. Persons having stock in frankfurter corporations will do well to hold it.



Broadcastings by Montague Glass



ALL the public knows is what it reads in the papers, and of course in the magazines too, so that if what George Glasgow said in *Harper's* is right, then a war will soon occur in Europe should America fail to collect its foreign debt. President Butler of Columbia University, however, does not believe what he reads in the papers, and denies it vehemently. In this, he is backed up by his corps of rather reasonably paid professors, and his opinion may or may not be slightly colored by the vivid red of the ribbon of the *Légion d'Honneur*, but those of us who are completely undecorated by European countries and who live on the Italian border cannot help noticing that furnished villas in Cannes and Nice are going begging this winter because of threats of war between France and Italy. It seems that Mussolini has been making indiscreet speeches and attempting to make indiscreet treaties, all of them aimed at France, and France's expensive retort to Mussolini's mouthings is to mass several divisions of troops and a number of warships on the French side of the Italian frontier. Therefore, no matter what Mr. Butler believes at the corner of 116th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, no question exists in the minds of well-informed people at Grenoble and Nice that only their unpaid war debts prevent war between France and Italy, for what France and Italy think of each other is equivalent to what Cousin Egbert's half-wild cat thought of the pack of beagles in Harry Leon Wilson's "Ma Pettin-gill" stories. Wilson says that they were victims of a mutual mistake. The cat thought the beagles were rabbits and the beagles thought the cat was a rabbit.

* * *

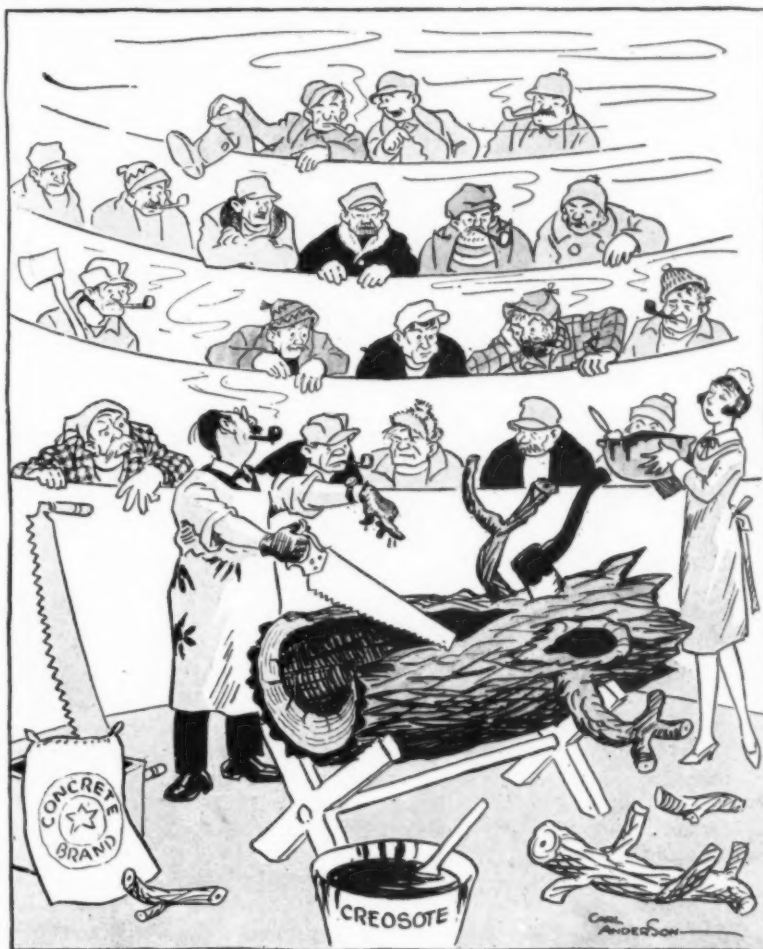
MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY in "Jesting Pilate" passes severe judgment on the United States after

a few weeks' visit to Los Angeles and a couple of days spent in Chicago and New York. He particularly upbraids us for upsetting the values of civilization by calling undertakers "morticians" and real-estate agents "realtors," thereby trying to lift these two means of livelihood into honorable professions like the law and soldiering. In this, however, he is mistaken. We still call them undertakers and real-estate agents, no matter what they may call themselves. Nor do we attempt to revive the age of chivalry by making knights out of our dispensing chemists, *vide* Boots, or out of our pork butchers, *vide* Lipton.

In his two brief chapters on America, Huxley seems to think that

whatever is American is bad, and cites as an example of our fickleness and of our impermanent institutions that the locomotive engines on our railroads are seldom more than five years old. We cheerfully admit it. He then grows maudlin about the locomotive engines of higher civilizations such as of Spain and France, which are sometimes upwards of forty years old. We who travel abroad sadly admit this also. In fact, not long ago there was a locomotive engine in what one might call active service between Granada and Bobadilla which bore a plate upon its feeble body reading: "Robert and John Stephenson, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1847." Another writer, whose

(Continued on page 32)



The Tree Surgeon's Clinic



"I DON'T GET ANY KICK OUT OF THAT."

"BUT, DEAR, JUST THINK OF THE WORK IT MUST HAVE TAKEN TO MAKE IT."

"WORK? WHY, I THOUGHT THEY JUST DUG THEM UP."

As the Romans Don't

DISPATCHES announce there is to be no more swearing in Italy. Only that and nothing more. Why will the press give columns to Peaches and Daddy and leave us in the dark on this swearing matter?

What is an Italian gentleman to do after missing a six-inch putt?

And what does a lady say when she can't find a match?

Does *Il Duce* expect to equip the mules with self-starters?

And if the idea becomes general on the Continent, whatever will they call Uncle Sam?

Fairy Story

ONCE there was a night-club proprietor who, upon receiving a padlock, an injunction, and a promise that the Government would put him in jail if he ever was caught again, promptly closed his place and went out of business.

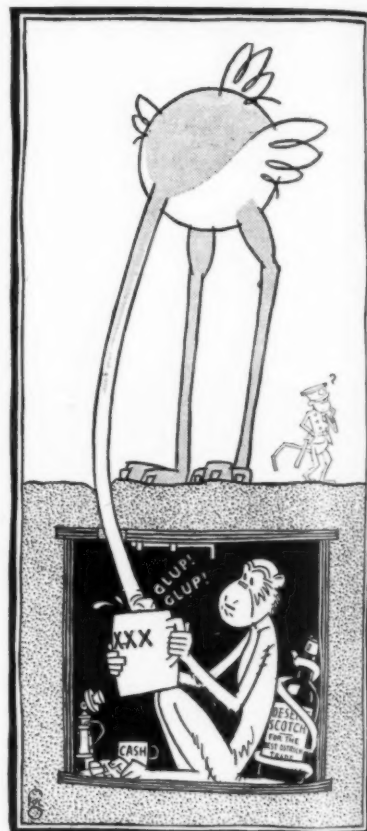
THE unbreakable mamma doll for little girls has been perfected, but how about an unbreakable daddy doll for big girls?

The Advertisement Reader Visits a Haberdashery

CUSTOMER: Well, Mr. Up-to-Date Costumer specializing in gents' furnishing, you see before you a man of discernment and discrimination who looks for something better and demands the best. I warn you that I am accustomed to a smart environment, and I want some trousers which suit my type, express my personality, satisfy my whims, catch the modern spirit, strike a new note in elegance, typify the man of fashion, provide the earmarks of gentility, give that well-tubbed, well-groomed look, that athletic figure now so much in vogue, the essentials of refinement, and all the evidence of good taste, and which will be at once London's finest and discreetly conservative, yet utterly distinctive, the last word in sophistication, and the choice of connoisseurs, cognoscenti, and gentlefolk the world over. They must be favored by the chosen few, endorsed by arbiters of fashion, worn exclusively in social and artistic circles, be patronized by the stars of stage and screen, and correct for hunting, lounging and informal town wear in homes of prominence and among first families of breeding and distinction. They should be hand-tailored, luxurious in tone, of a design originally created for one of the oldest and most aristocratic of the French nobility, and obtainable only in the better-class shops and more representative department stores, the supreme combination of all that is fine in trousers. More cannot be said.

SALESMAN: Yes, sir. Now here's a good pant.

W. W. Scott.



WHY THE OSTRICH STICKS HIS HEAD IN THE SAND.

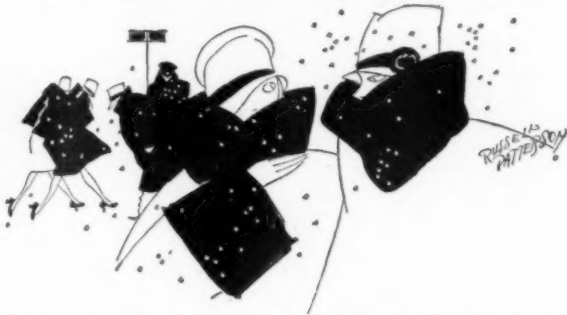
Preventive

"OFFICER, I left my car here a few minutes ago and now it's gone."

"It must have been stolen, then."

"No, it couldn't be that. It was insured against theft."

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"WELL, my dear, I'm all hot and BOTHERed about this SEX appeal thing you keep HEARING about all the enTIRE time because I mean WHAT does it MEAN, my dear, ANYways, when you say a person has SEX appeal? I mean you keep hearing MEN say 'She's got IT' all the time, which means the GIRL they are TALKING ABOUT has SEX appeal but I mean if you ASK them what they MEAN when they say this GIRL has got 'IT' they will just sort of SNICKer in an obNOXious manner and say they can't TELL you but the fact reMAINS this GIRL has 'IT' and this OTHER girl has NOT got 'IT,' but I mean the whole THING makes me so MAD I could SPIT because I mean simply NObody will TELL me whether I have got 'IT' or NOT, my dear, which is the REASON, I mean, that I am HONestly BAFFled and CONFUSED—I mean I ACTually AM! Well, ANYways, my dear, I think it is a very VULgar and disGUSTing idea for MEN to sort of go ROUND simply CLASsifying GIRLS as to whether they have got this SEX appeal thing or not because I mean practicably ANYbody knows it is a girl's CHARACTER and not her SEX apPEAL or anything POIsonous like THAT which really NICE men apPREciate but I mean ANYways I am COMPLETELY SUNK and in the LOWER depths of WOE about this 'IT' business, my dear, because I mean I am HONestly CONVINCED I have NOT got 'IT' because I mean I have heard BOYS say that they HEARD that I was a girl who LOOKED quite exCITing but that I was too NICE to be exCITing which HONestly dePRESses me FRIGHtfully, my dear, because I mean I think I would PROBABly be VERY exCITing inDEED if I was only SURE I had this SEX appeal—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

A Sure Sign

FATHER: Has Jane gone to the dance yet?

MOTHER: She must have. Most of her clothes are here.



The Safe-cracker's Wife: FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! OH, SPIKE, DEAR, HOW WONDERFUL! WE'LL PUT IT ASIDE AS A NEST-EGG TO BAIL JUNIOR OUT THE FIRST TIME HE GETS PULLED.

A Great Decision

MR. MEEKER was pacing the floor in one of his tantrums.

"Henrietta," he finally squeaked, "I'm tired of carrying all those groceries home every day."

"Yes?" inquired Mrs. Meeker, coldly.

"Yes," he concluded firmly, "and I'm going to buy a little express wagon to-morrow."



"OH, ELAINE! MR. BROOKLEBANK WILL HAVE TEA THIS MORNING INSTEAD OF COFFEE—AND BRING HIM A YARMOUTH BLOATER AND SOME DUNDEE MARMALADE. HE HAS TO TELEPHONE TO ENGLAND TO-DAY."



"When a Man Loves"

AFTER writing flagrantly destructive criticism for years, I can at last step forth and say, positively, just why it is that most movies fail: it is because so few of them have Dolores Costello in the cast.

Producers are invited to take this word from the wise, and act accordingly.

"When a Man Loves" has Dolores Costello; furthermore, it has Dolores Costello in Manon Lescaut costumes, looking more ravishingly lovely than she or any one else has ever looked before. That circumstance, in itself, is sufficient to gain for the picture an extremely favorable review in the Silent Drama Department of LIFE.

"When a Man Loves" also has John Barrymore—and a much more engaging and sprightly John Barrymore than any that I have seen since "Beau Brummel." He is not nearly so cross as he was in "The Sea

Beast," nor so languishing as in "Don Juan."

He has borrowed a few tricks from his friend Douglas Fairbanks, and he performs them with grace and skill.

THE picture itself is nothing to light bonfires on the hilltops about, but it does move, and rapidly, from beginning to end—with very little time out for lip-bruising or neck-biting between Mr. Barrymore and Miss Costello.

"When a Man Loves" was directed by Alan Crosland and the rapid pace is probably creditable to him. The sub-titles, by Don Ryan, are well phrased but far, far too abundant.

"It"

IF "It" had been left to Clara Bow, Clarence Badger, and the others actually responsible for its production, it would easily be rated as an unusually entertaining, though not

particularly stimulating, comedy. Miss Bow's performance and appearance are very nice, and Mr. Badger's direction is bright and mirthful.

But there is another element in "It," and that element is Mme. Elinor Glyn, who ranks next to Daddy Browning as the world's most deliberately unsuccessful publicity dodger.

Mme. Glyn has not hesitated to tell the world that she coined the term "it" (although, as a matter of fact, it has been used by theatrical folk since time immemorial). "It" is that mysterious something which impels girls to leave home, and boys to follow them.

As Mme. Glyn makes it a point to appear, personally, in all movies bearing her name, one may reasonably assume that, in her case at least, "it" is nothing more than the good old Freudian Exhibition Complex.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Kid Brother. Harold Lloyd in a comparatively weak moment.

The Night of Love. Heavy-handed romantic melodrama, with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Paradise for Two. Another Richard Dix farce, but not nearly so sparkling as its predecessors.

The General. Buster Keaton in an overlong but thoroughly original Civil War drama, with some utterly unpardonable gags tacked on at the finish.

The Perfect Sap. The amusing exploits of a rich boob who turns detective.

The Potters. W. C. Fields in another comic-strip record of American life—and it's genuinely comic, too.

The Music Master. A delicate but pallid reproduction of the famous play, with Alec Francis and Lois Moran.

Valencia. If you play that thing again I'll...

Blonde or Brunette. Adolphe Menjou in the type of light, racy and ultra-French vehicle that suits him best.

The Winning of Barbara Worth. Another of those Colman-Banky super-specials, this one being a product of the Harold Bell Wright school of epic literature.

Nobody's Widow. Leatrice Joy as a bride who walks out after the ceremony, with Charles Ray as the baffled groom.

Hotel Imperial. The rather trite story of an Austrian girl who was swept up in the Russian advance, told with novel camera angles and Pola Negri.

Twinkletoes. Colleen Moore proving her worth in unfamiliar surroundings.

Tell It to the Marines. A series of authoritative views of life among the

leathernecks, with a superb performance by Lon Chaney.

Ben-Hur. Pretty soon every one will have seen this, and then I won't have to say again that it's the biggest spectacle of all.

The Better 'Ole. A crude, rough-house comedy in which Syd Chaplin wears the walrus mustache of Old Bill, and wears it extremely well.

Flesh and the Devil. John Gilbert and Greta Garbo show you just how it's done—and, as they say, how!

Don Juan. Loose conduct in old Florence, with John Barrymore giving the mediaeval girls a treat.

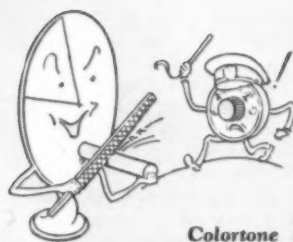
The Fire Brigade, Old Ironsides, What Price Glory, The Scarlet Letter, Beau Geste and The Big Parade. All on the "yes" list.





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 makes the Synchro-
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 the Synchrophase free from
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*The Synchrophase
 is also supplied in
 five console models.*



Doctor M. H.

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

—Harvard Lampoon.

Where Are the Ladies of Yesteryear?

WHERE are the ladies of yesteryear? John Erskine's done for 'em, I fear; By methods that we won't discuss he's Made all our heroines into hussies. Helen and Guinevere aren't at all The women we thought when we were small.—Chicago Daily News.

"THAT girl sitting yonder by the palm is trying to flirt with me."

"What did she do—wink at you?"

"No—she crossed her legs at me."

—Michigan Gargoyle.



"YES, I PICKED HIM UP THE OTHER DAY AT A SALE."

"SALE OF WHAT?"

—Punch (London), by permission.

The Jintown Weekly

Society and Personals

PYTHIAS PEAVY says he's mighty glad he walks in his sleep. He saves a lot of time that way. He gets his rest and exercise at the same time.

* * *

Bob Criddle says he lost his trunk with the foreign labels on it and now he's gotta tour Europe all over again.

* * *

Zachary Grump visited his cousin in New York last month and was shown all the points of interest, including a place where liquor can't be bought.

* * *

We take pleasure in reporting that little Joe Peavy, who swallowed a nickel last week, has entirely recovered from his financial difficulties.

* * *

Sheriff Pug Sullivan is in bed this week, suffering from a bad case of confiscation.

—Barrie Payne, Associated

Editors (Chicago).

Diplomacy Again

PROBABLY the most complete definition of diplomacy was given by a little boy in English class. "It's the thing that gets you into trouble," he said, "when a boy bigger than you has told something that isn't so and you tell him so without using it."—Leesburg Commercial.

The Time Limit

PALMER, aged seven, returned from his first day at school. His mother asked him at what time school began. "Well," said Palmer, "I don't know. The bell rings twice, at quarter of and of."—New York Sun.

All Off

HE: True, my salary is not large, but then, two can live as cheaply as one.

SHE: But, Tom, dear, you forget—there's mother.—Boston Transcript.

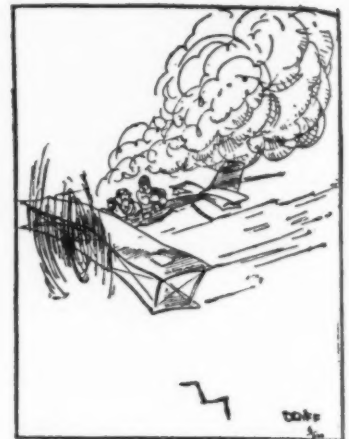
AN editorial in a Saskatchewan paper asks plaintively, "Where is this craze for nudity to stop?" Possibly at nudity.

—Edmonton

(Alberta) Bulletin.

"MOTHER, dear," piped the child bride, who was writing a note to her lawyer, "how many zeros in a million?"

—Detroit News.



Passenger (to pilot): WHEREABOUTS ARE YOUR FIRE BUCKETS? SHE'S CAUGHT ALIGHT.

—Smith's Weekly (Sydney).

A Thought for To-day

J. FRANK NORRIS is going back to the pulpit, and Aimée McPherson is proclaiming the gospel with both eyes on the box-office. And what we wonder is how often in each of their services they ask the audience to stand and sing, "The Old-Time Religion."

—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

The Aspiring Playwright

A GENTLEMAN of the theatre tells us that a script is now making the rounds of the producers with this gem embedded in it: "A trumpet sounds offstage that has a sort of a kind of a Cosmic pulse." We understand the play probably won't be produced this season.—New Yorker.

DARWINIAN CHILD (observing Zoo monkeys): Pop, do they let them out after they turn into people?—Collier's.

MEN no longer hide behind women's skirts. Neither do women.

—Arkansas Gazette.



"WELL, WHAT DID YOU BEAT HIM FOR?"

"WHY, BECAUSE HE ISN'T AS STRONG AS I AM."

—Le Rire (Paris).

When I Was One-and-Twenty

(With Variations and Apologies)

WHEN I was one-and-twenty,
I heard a poet say
That love is like a furnace,
And makes December May;
To give them pearls and rubies,
Nor let my heart be free;
When I was one-and-twenty,
'Twas thus he talked to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
His words were not in vain;
I fell for all the ladies,
And wooed with might and main;
But that they would not have me
How little did I reckon!
Now that I'm one-and-thirty
I'd like to break his neck!

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

With the Franc Where It Is

AN American is one of a million Americans who pile into Paris each year and complain to other habitués of American bars that the place is becoming too American.—*Detroit News*.

ADD similes: "As nervous as a feminist trying to explain Ma Ferguson's pardon record."—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.



First Gossip: YES, THAT'S HER LATE HUSBAND'S SUIT OF MAIL.

Second Gossip: DOUBTLESS SHE'S LOOKING FOR A REFILL FOR IT ALREADY.

—*Weekly Telegraph (London)*.

A New Minimum

A NEW minimum for an opening No Trump bid was noted in a recent game. A certain convivial young chap dealt and bid a No Trump; all passed. Dummy put his hand down and remarked: "Well, I can't imagine what you bid No Trump on when I have three Aces and four Kings."

"Well, if you want to know," the Declarer said, "I bid it on one Jack with two Queens and three cocktails."

—*Work-Whitehead Auction*

Bridge Bulletin.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Hello, Daddy!

Our opinion about the three-year-old American girl who was the first child to talk across the Atlantic when she called up her father in London is that children should be trained not to talk across the Atlantic until they are spoken to.

—*Punch*.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success

SHE: How dare you try to kiss me! You know I—er—hate a failure.

—*Everybody's Weekly (London)*.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



Be a Greek God
~with modern
improvements

The Greek Deities, in the days before restaurants and soda fountains, had little to occupy their time, so they hung around Mt. Olympus, now and then quaffing nectar, the local home brew in Athens in those days.

Any Greek God in good standing would have given his right eye, not to mention an ear or two, for one bottle of that ambrosial beverage known as

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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

instead of one, with the following inscription on the reverse of his note: "DEAR PASSENGER: I have a heart, and here is another bottle for you which I took from the tightwad across the aisle." This evening to hear Povla Frijsh, the Danish soprano, and did revel for almost two hours in the rare satisfaction of listening to a singer who can be called an artist even by persons who are careful of what they say.

February 8th Up betimes, full of high resolves to write letters and cast up accounts, but en route to my desk I did glance at the new books which have come in, and on the jacket of one of them called "The Moul's House Mystery" was the silhouette of one man throttling another, so I was good for nought until I had read it to the end and learned the motive and outcome of the combat, nor did the experience profit me much save the pleasant excitement of the chase, for the moral is for smugglers only, and to the effect that it is nobler for them to confine their activities to silks and cargoes of a similar respectability than to dabble in such disreputable stuff as narcotics. Lord! the courage required to defy customs officers in any connection soever is left out of my make-up entirely, for I do recall the night when I succeeded in getting twenty Melachrino cigarettes across various Continental frontiers as one of the most agonizing that ever I spent in my life. News this day that the new American opera by Deems Taylor and Edna St. Vincent Millay has been put into rehearsal, and I do thank God that the librettist did go back to Saxon times for her story and that English-speaking singers are to have the principal rôles, forasmuch as upon several occasions in the past the male members of opera-in-English casts have sounded to me a little like sublimated Sam Bernards.

Baird Leonard.

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So it is all the more remarkable to receive such letters as that from Mr. Roberts of South Dakota, reproduced below.

Larus & Bro. Co.
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Sept. 9, 1926.

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Yours very truly,
(signed) J. J. Roberts.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

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[On your radio—tune in on WRVA,
Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth
station. Wave length 256 meters.]

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(For other information about the Contest, please see page 11.)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER TWELVE."

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most convincing conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way..." Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWELVE should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWELVE must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on March 17, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of April 7, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

Those Radio Bridge Lessons

(Continued from page 13)

all the world to me. Mr. Wonck had doubled two clubs and was going right back to Alabammy while Mr. Eisendrock got over into dummy because it was absolutely necessary to have four thousand new airplanes by July, 1927. Anyhow, in the last round, Mr. Lightfoot and Mr. Wonck uncorked a series of beautiful right jabs to the jaw and were awarded the decision on points.

Henry William Hanemann.



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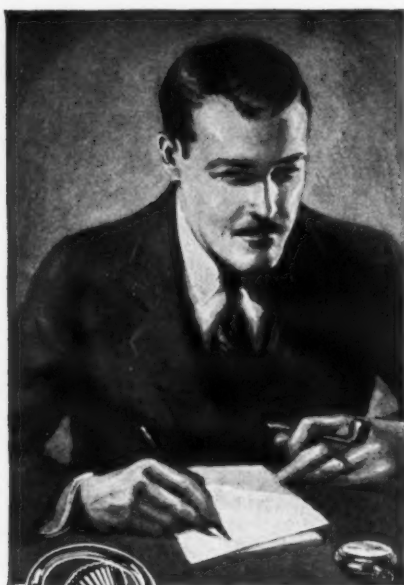
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Among the New Books

Contract Bridge. By Florence Irwin (*Stokes*). One of the most lucid authorities on the game explains its latest variation.

The Two Sisters. By H. E. Bates (*Viking Press*). A moving and beautiful story of two women who came to love the same man.

The Lingering Faun. By Mabel Wood Martin (*Stokes*). Russian exiles having a hard time of it in post-war Paris.

The Sun Also Rises. By Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). American and English expatriates having an entirely different time in the same place.

Alpha. By Emery Balint (*Macy-Masius*). A translation by Louis Rittenberg of a Hungarian best-seller whose hero is a glutton for punishment. The first of a trilogy.

The Plutocrat. By Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Page*). A clever and affectionate brief for the one-hundred-per-cent. American.

The Affair in Duplex 9B. By William Johnston (*Doran*). More murder and mystery.

The Red Pavilion. By John Gunther (*Harper*). Some young Chicagoans talking and acting according to the last page in the book of modernism.

Ladies and Gentlemen. By Irvin S. Cobb (*Cosmopolitan*). Eleven short stories added to the author's panorama of the American parade.

Burning Witches. By Marie de Montalvo (*Scars*). But it is the flames of passion which consume the two latter-day ladies in whom this story centers.

Galahad. By John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A merry explanation of how the purest of the knights got that way.

Macabrum. By Ramon Guthrie (*Doran*). A story about another of those gallant rogues of troubadour days, most of whom deserved far worse than they received.

Lucky Numbers. By Montague Glass (*Doubleday, Page*). If we must have Jewish stories, let Mr. Glass write them.

The Longest Shadow. By Jeffery E. Jeffery (*Little, Brown*). A young and romantic Englishman finally comes upon reality.

Tin Wedding. By Margaret Leech (*Boni & Liveright*). The events of a day in the life of a young matron who thought she was happily married.

Ask Me Another! By Justin Spafford and Lucien Esty (*Viking Press*). A book of questions guaranteed to save any party from collapse. B. L.

Books Received

Festival and Civic Plays. By Mari Ruel Hofer (*Beckley-Cardy Co.*)

The House of Secrets. By Sidney Horler (*Doran*).

Morning, Noon and Night. By Kenneth Phillips Britton (*Mitchell*).

Congai. By Harry Hervey (*Cosmopolitan*).

The Ideals and Follies of Business. By William Feather.

For the Censors

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—*Nogales (Ariz.) International*.

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697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced	14 What Girls Should Know
717 Modern Sex Morality	653 What Boys Should Know
938 French Passion Tales	689 Woman's Sex Life
23 Great Sea Stories	690 Man's Sex Life
277 Man Without a Country. Hale	688 Care of Teeth
698 Tales of Chicago	943 Mystery Stories
12 Mystery Tales. Poe	944 Adventure Tales
152 Son of the Wolf. Jack London	399 Arabian Nights
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales. Doyle	208 Birth Control
819 Strange Murders	783 Mandala, etc. Kipling
942 Detective Stories	1010 Magic Tricks
1056 N. Y.'s Chinatown	1103 Book of Puzzles
847 Book of Card Games	954 A Bath. Gola
831 Crossword Puzzles	1046 Coquette vs. a Wife. Balzac
1023 Popular Recitations	167 Health Rules
230 Quest for a Blonde Mistress. Gautier	1080 Haunted Houses
922 A Wife's Confession	382 Lincoln's Humor
214 Lincoln's Speeches	1018 Humorous Limericks
56 Slang Dictionary	1016 Nonsense Poems
962 Comic Poems	1093 Juggling Puns
995 How to Teach Yourself to Play the Piano	672 Illicit Love, etc.
217 Puzzle of Personality	948 Russian Love Stories
417 Nature of Dreams	1049 How to Sing
1069 Conquest of Fear	718 Great Women
435 100 Best Books	203 Women's Love Rights
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THE Woman, after many years' devotion to old-fashioned rubber overshoes, had finally succumbed to modish, if by no means aesthetic, galoshes.

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"Haven't you a pair that fit me more snugly?" she asked.

"No, madam. I'm sorry. They all come one width at the top."

"Well, isn't there anything that you could suggest to improve their fit?"

"Only that you eat more potatoes, madam," he said with a cordial smile.

—New York Sun.

Common Sense and Arithmetic

IKEY was very slow in learning to subtract and the teacher was having a trying time with him.

"Now, see here, Ikey," said she, patiently, "if Ikey had eight pennies and he lost three, how many pennies would Ikey have left?"

"Vell," was the quick reply, "for vy should Ikey lose three pennies?"

—Chicago Daily News.

In Eighty Minutes

"THE moving pictures are very helpful."

"Yes, sir. I once took a trip around the world that way."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HENRY FIELDING, in "Tom Jones," tells of *Sophia*: "The nice proportion of her arms promised the truest symmetry of her limbs." Fancy an age in which one had to guess at a knee from an elbow!

—Des Moines Capital.

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MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Broadcastings

(Continued from page 21)

name I cannot now remember, also remarked on the civilization of the French which evidences itself by carelessness in the matter of repairs to machinery. He said that when the plumbing gets out of order in a French household the family hangs a lace curtain over it and goes to the theatre.

* * *

TO me, the best contribution to English humorous newspapers for the month is the letter written by the anxious mother to her son's teacher as follows: "DEAR MISS SMITH: Please let Willie go to the clinic about his face. He's had it a long time now, and it's beginning to spread. Yours respectfully, M. ROBINSON." However, let it be admitted once and for all that one man's idea of a best contribution, a best short story or a best poem is another man's poison, but it's an easy way of making a living nevertheless. Applying the procedure of the enterprising short-story anthologist to overcoats instead of to short stories, for example, we might conceive one of them writing to Messrs. Schart, Haffner & Uppenheim, saying: "MY DEAR MR. SCHAT: I am about to select the twenty-five best overcoats for the year 1926-1927, and should be glad to include your well-known Boxonian style 4022 among them, but unfortunately, I cannot afford to pay more than a nominal fee for its use. If you should care to permit its inclusion for the sum of \$3.50, I should be delighted to send you a check immediately. With all good wishes, believe me to be," etc.

* * *

IF the teaching of German is still barred in public schools of some of our Western States, let the legislatures of those States take example from the barber of the Hotel Magnifique, Cannes, Alpes-maritimes, France, who said: "No! We will not have a great many British and Americans this season because of the unfavorable rate of exchange; but," he added brightly, "we *hope* to have a lot of Germans here instead." As a matter of fact, on the trains between Nice and Monte Carlo, one hears as much German spoken as on the Third Avenue Elevated between Yorkville and Brooklyn Bridge. As for the babel of languages spoken in expensive French restaurants nowadays, a Frenchman said the other day: "Whenever my wife and I want to say something to each other without the people around us understanding it, we speak French."

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

A column in Life ... 'tis for uses galore:

Announcement perhaps,
of a Jewelry store!

A gay panegyric on
Somebody's Books!

A poem of Perfume . . .
the package de luxe!

A miniature catalog
voicing Cigars . . . !

A showing o' Clothing
for Young Lochinvars!

A sonnet to Bonnet! . . .
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This time, it is naught
but a gay Parkeresque.



But . . . really important
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love,

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